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THE LOST KISS.

BY J. W. RILEY.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on—"Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little, inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy,
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said—"When she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss!
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for dolly,
And one 'ittle uzzer for me!"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to day!
Take, Lord, from mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on—"Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

NICODEMUS DODGE.

Dental surgeons suggested doctors, doctors suggested death, death suggested skeletons,—and so, by logical process the conversation melted out of one of these subjects into the next, until the topic of skeletons raised up Nichodemus Dodge out of the deep grave in my memory where he had lain buried and forgotten for twenty-five years. When I was a boy in a printing office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clad, countrified cub of about sixteen lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trowsers pocket or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his eyes and ears, like a bug eaten cabbage leaf, stared indifferently round, then leaned his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low and then said with composure:

"Whar's the boss?"

"I am the boss," said the editor following this curious bit of architecture wonderingly along up to its clock-face with his eye.

"Don't want anybody fur to learn the business, 'tain't likely?"

"Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it?"

"Pap's so po' he cain't run me no mo,' so I want to git a show somers if I kin, tain't no diffunce what,—I'm strong and hearty, and I don't turn my back on no kind of work hard nur soft."

"Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?"

"Well, I don't re'ly k'yer a durn what I do learn, so's I git a chance fur to make my way, I'd jist as soon learn print'n 's anything."

"Can you read?"

"Yes,—middlin."

"Write?"

"Well, I've seed people could lay over me thar."

"Cipher?"

"Not good enough to keep store. I don't reckon, but as far as twelve times-twelve I ain't no slouch. 'Tother side of that is what gits me."

"Where is your home?"

"I'm f'm old Shelby."

"What's your father's religious denomination?"

"Him? O, he's a blacksmith."

"No, no—I don't mean his trade. What's his religious denomination?"

"O—I didn't understand you befo'. He's a Freemason."

"No-no, you don't get my meaning yet. What I mean is does he belong to any church?"

"Now you're talkin! Couldn't make out what you was tryin' ta git through yo' head no way. Belong to a church! Why boss he's been the pizenest kind of a Free-will Babtis' for fo ty year. They ain't no pizener ones'n' what he is. Mighty good man, pap is. Everybody says that. If they said any diffurunt they wouldn' say it whar I wuz—not much they wouldn't."

"What is your own religion?"

'Well, boss, you've kind o' got me thar; and yit you hain't got me so mighty much nuther. I think 't if a feller helps another feller when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do no mean things, nur nothin' he ain't no business to, an' don't spell the Savior's name with a little g, he ain't runnin' no risks—he's about as saift as if he belonged to a church,'

'But suppose he did spell it with a little g, what then?'

'Well, if he done it a-purpose, I reckon he wouldn't stand no chance, he oughtn't to have no chance anyway, I'm most rotten certain 'bout that.'

'What is your name?'

'Nickedemus Dodge.'

'I think maybe you'll do, Nicodemus. We'll give you a trial anyway.'

'All right.'

'When would you like to begin?'

'Now.'

So, within ten minutes after we had first glimpsed this nondescript he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.

Beyond that end of our establishment which was farthest from the street, was a deserted garden, pathless, grown with the bloomy and villainous "jimpson" weed and its common friend the stately sunflower. In the midst of this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little 'frame' house with but one room, one window, and no ceiling—it had been a smoke house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bed-chamber.

The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus, right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of perpetrating the first joke on him; he gave him a cigar with a firecracker in it and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently, and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus' eyebrows and eyelashes. He simply said—

"I consider them kind of seeg'yars dangersome"—and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice water over him.

One day, while Nicodemus was in swimming Tom McElroy "tied" his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played on Nicodemus a day or two later—he walked up the middle aisle of the village church, Sunday night, with a staring hand-bill pinned between his shoulders. The joker spent the remainder of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if a noise was made, some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of mud.

But I wander from the point. It was the subject of skeletons that brought this boy back to my recollection. Before a very long time had elapsed, the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton from "old Shelby." Experiments grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to scare Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property which he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction for fifty dollars, under great competition, when he laid very sick in the tan-yard a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whiskey and had hurried up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus' bed.

This was done—about half-past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus' usual bed-time—midnight—the village jokers came creeping stealthily through the jimpson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. There sat the long-legged pauper, on his bed, in a very short shirt, and nothing more; he was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of "Camptown Races" out of a paper-over-laid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jewsharp, a new top, a solid india-rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of "store" candy, a well gnawed slab of gingerbread as big as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a traveling quack for three dollars and was enjoying the result!—From Mark Twain's Tramp Abroad."

The Story of Evangeline.

The history of famous poems and novels—how they were suggested, and under what circumstances they were written—would make a most interesting book. Some one has learned direct from Longfellow, certain facts about one of his best known poems, which are thus reported in the Boston Herald:

At first the conversation took a wide range. The poet was inclined to ask questions about men and current events, and it was quite a time before the drift of chat turned upon what he was doing, had done and expected to accomplish.

'I am not doing much these days,' said he; 'simply keeping from getting rusty," and he cast his eye around the room at the many evidences of work lying about, as much as to say' 'You can see for yourself how much that is.'

Expressing a preference for his "Evangeline," I ventured to say: "I see you located the final scene of that beautiful story in Philadelphia.'

'Yes, sir. The poem is one of my favorites also; as much, perhaps, on account of the manner in which I got the groundwork for it is as anything else.'

'What is the story, please?'

'I will tell you. Hawthorne came to dine with me one day and brought a friend with him from Salem. While at the dinner Mr. Hawthorne's friend said to me: "I have been trying to get Hawthorne to write a story about the banishment of the Acadians from Acadia, founded on the life of a young Acadian girl who was then separated from her lover, spent the balance of her life searching for him, and when both were old found him dying in a hospital.

'Yes,' said Hawthorne, 'but there is nothing in that for a story.'

"I caught the thought at once that it would make a striking picture if put in verse, and said, 'Hawthorne, give it to me for a poem, and promise me that you will not write about it until I have written the poem.'

"Hawthorne readily assented to my request, and it was agreed that I should use his friend's story for verse whenever I had the time and inclination to write it. In 1825 I started for Europe, and when in New York concluded I would visit Philadelphia, and so went over.

"It was in the spring about this time, and the country was as beautiful as it is to-day. I spent a week in the Quaker City, stopping at the Old Mansion House, on Third street, near Walnut. It was one of the best hotels I ever stopped at, and at that time perhaps the best in the country. It had been the private residence of the Binghams and was kept by a man named Head. The table was excellent, and the bed chambers were splendidly furnished, and were great, large, airy rooms—as large as this," turning round and surveying the ample library room in which we were seated. "It has given away to the demands of business I believe, for when I was last there I could hardly recognize the place where it stood. During this visit I spent much time looking about, and Philadelphia is one of the places which made a lasting impression upon me, and left its mark upon my later work. Even the streets of Philadelphia make rhyme:—

Market, Arch, Race and Vine,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine.

I got the climax of 'Evangeline' from Philadelphia, you know, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high inclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower beds and shade which it presented, made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks.

"It is purely a fancy sketch, and the 'Evangeline' coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia gave me the ground-work of the poem."

"The claim is that the Quaker almshouse on Walnut street, near Third, is the one referred to in 'Evangeline.'"

"No; that is not so. I remember that place distinctly. It is the old poor-house I referred to, which stood on the square between Spruce and Pine and Tenth and Eleventh streets."

Mr. Longfellow took from an adjoining room a picture of the old Quaker alms-house, and explained that the spot which attracted his attention and marked Philadelphia for the final act of "Evangeline," was not this old institution, as had been so often claimed.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAMMAS' TROUBLES.

My Annie's head is broken off;
And Nellie's had some fits;
And Polly's got the whooping cough,
And Sally's lost her wits.
What lots of fusses babies make!
What troubles mammas have to take!

I'm sure I'm sorry, Mrs. Buzz,
But mine are just as bad;
There's Rose, and Maud, and Fizz and Fuzz,
Why, *every thing* they've had.
Yes, lots of fusses babies make!
And lots of trouble mammas take!

—*Chatterbox.*

"I declare, mother," said a little girl, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?" "Corse I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful 'f should go too suddent."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

JAPANESE GAME OF BALL.—There is a Japanese ball game which is very popular in its native land, and which might well receive some attention in this country. It is known as "Temari." The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter, and made generally of cotton wound round with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with figures made of threads of different colors. A number of girls stand in a circle, and one of them—say, for example, our friend Jessie—takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds, she strikes it back toward the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again toward her, she continues doing just as before. But if it flies away, the one toward whom the ball flies, or who is nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it toward the ground, as Jessie has done, and the game continues until one of the players misses her stroke or fails to make the ball rebound. She then steps out of the circle, and the others play again in the same way as before until another girl fails and is obliged to step out. The same process continues until there is only one girl left, to whom belongs the honor of victory.

FIRE-CRACKERS.—Fire-crackers are made in China, where, on account of the cheapness of labor, the price is only two cents a bunch. As there are eighty in a pack, a Chinaman makes forty fire-crackers for less than a cent of our money. Most of them are made by poor people in their spare time. Merchants in Hong-Kong buy them, and place them in boxes holding forty packs each. They are so cheap that shippers could not afford to pay much for having them carried, so they are used as ballast in ships that bring silks and teas. The Chinese letters printed on the wrappers of fire-cracker packs are the advertisements of the dealers. "Fire-bangs," as they are sometimes called, are used almost all over the world. In the United States, their use in the North is on the Fourth of July; but in the South, Christmas is the great time for them. In England, they are most popular on the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes's Day; and in South America, on days of Church festivals. In China, everybody fires them on New Year's Day; and in some of the Chinese cities they can be heard at almost all hours of every day, because the people think the noise of their explosion will frighten away evil spirits.

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry, and it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.

In every parting there is an image of death.—*George Eliot.*

Religious Miscellany.

Let us believe what we can and hope for the rest.—*De Finod.*

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues.—*Locke.*

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—[*Richter.*

The Universalist faith is said to be be declared in the Talmud, and is ascribed to Origen, 230.

The Japanese colony of Paris is about to build a pagoda, or a temple where the Japanese gods may be worshiped in peace and quietness.

In Adrian the German Lutheran church bell rings every evening at 8 o'clock as a signal for all families of that society to see that their children are within their homes.

At Philadelphia a young woman named Mary Agnes Dunn asserts that she has been visited in her sick room by an appearance of the Virgin Mary. Much sensation has been caused among Roman Catholics in the neighborhood.

Four generations were represented at a baptism in Trinity Church, Albany, the child being attended by its mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, all of whom were presented to the bishop fo confirmation and were received to their first communion by the present rector.

A new church society known as the "Living Church of God" has been organized in Sunfield township. The members are composed of dissenters from all other denominations. Some striking peculiarities are found in their doctrines, one of which is the non-acceptance of the revised Bible.

The Presbytery of Clarion, Penn. has reaffirmed its decision made recently against "promiscuous dancing" by its members, because "it steals away our precious time, dissipates religious impressions and hardens the heart." "Promiscuous dancing" is defined as the "dancing together of males and females whether at the social party or in the ball-room."

The organ-blower in a London church recently fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by the vigorous blowing of his own organ. Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after bearing it for awhile, stopped and remarked: "I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose; but, while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him." The offender was quickly roused.

THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL CREED.—Professor Henry Cowles, of Oberlin University, discusses in the current issue of *The Congregationalist* some of the questions suggested by the new creed and catechism which are to be prepared by the committee of twenty-five for the use of the Congregational Church. The revision should be undertaken, he thinks, "with views both definite and just as to the objects to be sought, the place which the symbol is to fill and the ends it should be constructed to conserve," and "with views both just and well defined as to the underlying principles that shall obtain in its construction." In regard to controverted questions Professor Cowles says: "This revision should put its maturest wisdom and its best strength into its statements of those doctrines which are undergoing sharpest discussion, and which portend more or less radical change. There will, I judge, be no question that these remarks apply today to the doctrines of Inspiration, the Atonement and Future Punishment. Upon these, therefore, let the proposed revision weigh well both its thought and its words. If a revision is to be good for anything it should be good for the purpose of well defining and strongly stating the doctrine of the Congregational brotherhood on these cardinal points." Professor Cowles regards as of special importance the question as to whether or not the creed should be framed so as to facilitate the union of all Evangelical Christians in the same church communion. He hopes that all of these points will be discussed fully and freely in the Congregational press. In regard to the manner in which the work of the committee is to be passed upon he says that if it is to be used by the local and the State associations as their basis of Christian fellowship, it must come before them severally for their free consideration and action. The local churches will have the same option.

Bit. of Information.

Austria has more public libraries than any other nation in the world.

The Fijian name for a doctor, on being translated, turns out to be "carpenter of death."

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Three million dollars a year are paid out for cut flowers annually in the city of New York two-thirds of which sum is spent for roses.

Edward the Confessor was the first monarch of England who used a seal in his charters. This is the origin of the broad seal of England.

Morcco bindings for books came into use in 1494, being introduced by Grolier, who was the treasurer and ambassador of the King of France.

In the seventh century Paulus Ayineta defined sugar as "the Indian salt, in color and form like common salt, but in taste and sweetness like honey."

THE FARM.

We have received from Wm. Jenney, Secretary of the State of Michigan, a general statement as to the present condition and prospects for the wheat yield in the State, as compared with the yield for 1880. The following is given as the conclusion arrived at: "According to these estimates the average yield per acre for the whole State will be but a trifle more than nine bushels, and the aggregate product 16,200,000 bushels."—*Drovers Journal.*

Buying second-hand, heavy or useless tools, because they are cheap, is a way in which some profess to practice economy, but we believe they lose more than they gain by this course. Good tools will not only last longer, but do more and better work, and are therefore cheaper in the end. The farmer who uses poor implements and tools loses enough in a year to buy a full set of good ones.

Let pigs of all ages have access to a mixture of salt, ashes and sulphur. Keep the pens and troughs clean. Let them have a dry, warm, well ventilated place to sleep in during the whole year. Keep the younger and weaker separate from the older and stronger. Feed according to what the pigs are designed for. Hogs in the summer months are all the better for being permitted to run in clover or grass fields. It agrees with them to be turned out to pasture.

UNLESS the signs of the times fail, or some remarkable unforseen event shall turn up, an unprecedented hog crop may be looked for in the next year or two, both as to numbers and quality. Farmers, generally speaking, are in good condition, and as they owe much to the hog, and prices are still good, they are very apt to devote even more attention to pork raising than heretofore. And, as all progressive farmers well know the importance of improved stock, it is safe to say there will be a more general use of good blood.

AN Indiana sheep breeder recommends all who have the care of sheep this summer to be sure and dip them into tobacco water, or diluted carbolic acid, sulphur, etc., as the ticks are unusually numerous and irritating. The same breeder tells the *Indiana Farmer* that he had difficulty in keeping a new flock he had bought with the old one until he took off the bell from the leador of the strange flock and put it on that of the other, when both flocks united and have kept together ever since.

SEVERAL methods of dealing with the army worm, when it appears in countless numbers, are employed with more or less success. One of the earliest, and, at the same time, one of the most affective, is to intercept their advance to or through a field by a deep furrow or ditch, making the side next to the untouched grain as steep as may be, or shelving if that is practicable. Holes may be dug at intervals in the furrow, or ditch, and the worms destroyed by pouring kerosene on them, or filling the furrow with straw and applying a torch.

Paralysis of the hind quarter in pigs is sometimes caused by inflammation of and consequent effusion upon the animal marrow, causing pressure and loss of nerve power. Sensation and power of motion may often be restored by the application of a mild irritant to the loins. Turpentine or a thin paste of mustard rubbed upon the loins over the spine generally leads to a cure. It is brought on by colds and damp quarters, or exposure to cold rains, and is more frequent in young pigs than old ones. A chill will sometimes produce it suddenly.

REDUCING BONES.—Dr. Nichols gives the following exact figures of the quantities used in reducing bones with ashes: Break 100 pounds of bones into small fragments, and pack them in a tight cask or box with 100 pounds of good wood ashes, which have been previously mixed with 25 pounds of dry water-slaked lime and 12 pounds of powdered sal soda. Twenty gallons of water will saturate the mass, and more may be added as required. In two or three weeks the bones will be soft enough to turn out on the barn floor and mixed with two bushel of good soil or road dust.

CHEAPLY RAISED FRUIT.—The most expensively-raised fruit is that from neglected trees or plants. A nurseryman who newly occupied a place where fine fruit was not known, wished to have his neighbors raise plenty of good strawberries, but he knew they would be almost sure to neglect them unless he employed some stimulus. He published throughout the neighborhood that he would let his neighbors have strawberry plants gratis, on one condition. They had all seen his fine berries, and eagerly came to get the plants and enquire what the condition was. "I will let you have what plants you want," said the nurseryman, "on this one condition. *If they live*, they will cost you nothing; if they die, you will pay me for them." With the single exception of a lady, who took a quantity, they all went away without the plants. It was found impossible to induce them to take the necessary care.

Pleuro-Pneumonia Cattle Commission.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury French said the Pleuro-Pneumonia Cattle Commission would assemble in Washington to take measures to carry out their allotted task as soon after the 20th of August as he could get them there. Judge French referred to their proposed plan of action in general terms, saying that it was expected that they would be able to make such arrangements as would convince the British authorities that an American bill of health was a trustworthy certificate upon which they might venture to admit American cattle to English pasturage. Under present arrangements all cattle arriving from America must be slaughtered upon the wharves. As a consequence, only such as are fat and in proper condition for immediate use can be shipped.

Our trade in cattle with Great Britian amounts to $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 annually, but, if the restrictions against pasturing American cattle be removed so that lean cattle can be exported and fattened after their arrival, the trade may be increased probably five-fold with profit to both nations. Judge French considers it certain that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in any part of the great cattle growing regions of the West. Did a single case develope itself, it would make itself known like fire in a city.

The difficulty is that infected regions lie between the West and the Atlantic coast, through which the cattle must pass, and under present arrangements, they run the risk of contracting the disease,—at least, so the British authorities believed. It is proposed that the railroads shall either make new cars for the transportation of Western cattle, using them for no other purpose, or adopt some method to be presented to the Commission for cleansing and disinfecting those in use. Both feeding and watering places are to be es tablished and surrounded with all the safeguards that science and experience can devise.

The members of the Commission have had 20 years of experience, and are able to recognize, however slight, the symptoms. The measures necessary to be adopted to prevent its spread will enable them, without doubt, to make success certain.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

If a little vinegar is mixed with stove polish it will not take much rubbing to make the stove bright, and the blacking is not likely to fly off in a fine dust.

A closet for keeping tubs of butter may be made with double walls filled in with sawdust and a double door. A zinc shelf at the top may hold the ice, and a lead pipe bent in one place to make a trap to keep the air from coming in from the outside may be used to carry off the water. If the closet is kept tightly closed the ice will keep longer. If the air in the closet is damp keep a peck of fresh lime in it which will absorb the moisture.

OATMEAL GEMS.—Mix a cup and a half of oatmeal, half a cup of corn meal and a cup of flour with two cups of sour milk; add a tablespoonful of shortening, two of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water. Heat the muffin tins and bake in a hot oven.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Take half a cup of butter, a cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, two scanty cups of flour. Bake in three jelly cake tins. Ice the cakes, and while the icing is still soft, cover thickly with grated cocoanut.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup powdered sugar, one cup flour with one teaspoon baking powder sifted with it, flavoring, lastly a scant half cup boiling water stirred in. Bake slowly in tins four by eight inches and two inches high. Frost when done. Cut off into squares, stick the half of an English walnut on each block, and you have a pretty basket of cake.

TO CAN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—All fruits and vegetables do not require the same degree of heat, or the same continued application of heat. Fruits of delicate texture, such as the strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry and currant, should not be brought quite to the boiling point; while apples, pears, quince and peach may be boiled, but not so rapidly as to soften or macerate them. The best way to can fruit is to have it quite ripe; then pack firmly in cans, adding water according to the dryness or juicy character of the fruit. After this seal the can, leaving a vent for the escape of the gas. Then place the cans in a large vessel containing cold water and bring this to a boil. For berries boil five minutes, then stand to cool thirty minutes. For other fruits, boil from ten to twenty minutes, then stand to cool forty minutes. The object in allowing them to cool is to give time for the gasses to escape through the vent before finally sealing. Strawberries and cherries should be kept from the light to preserve their color. This may be done by wrapping them in dark-colored paper and keeping them in a cool place.

For green corn, peas and beans, if canned in that way they need to boil five or six hours hard, then cool forty minutes. But the best way to can corn is to cut the corn from the cob when it is in nice order for roasting ears. Put it on and cook three quarters of an hour, or until it is done; put in salt enough for taste and stir it through; this helps to keep it. Then if you use glass jars, fill them full of the boiling corn, put on the tops, and you will have nice corn the coming winter.

To fill glass jars without breaking them, wring a towel out of cold water, set the jar on a part of the cloth, and then wrap the rest around the jar.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—W. D. P. writes to the New-England Farmer with reference to various points in making cucumber pickles:

It may be useful to some of your readers to know how strong to make the brine; if made too strong it will sometimes cause the pickles to wilt or wither, in which condition they are not salable, and if too weak they will ferment too much and get soft. The proper strength is just enough to float a potato. If your subscriber wishes to market his pickles in vinegar, they must be taken out of the brine about a week before being sold; when taken out they are at once placed in fresh water, and the water changed twice a day until the pickles taste quite fresh, which usually takes two or three days. The pickles are then placed in strong cider or whiskey vinegar, and spiced to suit the taste of the customer.

It was formerly the almost universal custom to scald the pickles in a copper kettle after freshening and before placing them in vinegar; the verdigris of the kettle would impart a bright green to the pickles, somewhat like the color of freshly picked cucumbers, and more attractive to the eye than the dirty, yellowish green of a salted pickle. The very small amount of copper required to impart this color was probably harmless, for I am not aware that any case of copper poisoning ever resulted from the consumption of the enormous quantities of pickles that were a few years ago prepared in this way; but of late years the fashion has changed, probably through a knowledge on the part of the buyer of the source of the green color, and a fear of injurious effects therefrom, and now the demand for green pickles is very light as compared with the so-called English pickles that are prepared without copper; they have a dull, yellowish green color, but are crispy and good, and as digestible as a cucumber can be, which is not saying much.

Youthful Heroism.

A year ago, in the summer of 1880, a deed of heroism was performed by a young lad at Allessandria, in Piedmont, for which he has just been rewarded in a characteristically Sub-Alpine and Latin manner. Some children were playing upon the bank of river Tanaro, when one of them, a boy four years old, toppled over into the stream, and, as it chanced, at a most dangerous spot, where practiced swimmers had already lost their lives. Eduardo Pozzi, a lad of twelve, who saw the accident, determined to venture upon the task of rescue. He knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and jumped boldly into the raging waters. He was seized by the torrent, but not until he had tightly grasped the little boy. The two were sucked under by the waters, but rose again to the surface, and the young hero, with great resolution and daring, forced his way into still water, from whence a policeman drew him to the shore. He fell down exhausted and unconscious, but kept a firm grip upon the little fellow whom he had saved.

The king of Italy heard of the deed, and directed that the silver medal of the Order of Merit, with his Kings thanks, should be sent to the little hero. The actual bestowal of the gift, however, was reserved to the present year, when the anniversary was made the occasion of a public ceremonial. The court yard of the College Nazionale was adorned with flowers and banners; the municipal authorities convoked; the whole population was invited to take part in the function; and Senator Zopp fastened the medal upon the boy's breast, while the Mayor of Alessandria gave him a kiss upon his forehead in the name of the whole town. When Pozzi was questioned about his deed he said with touching modesty, "I knew that if I were drowned, he and I would have gone into Paradise together." His father, who is a railway servant, was invited to dinner by the Prefect, and the sons of that functionary solemnly divided bread and salt with the hero of the day, as a token of perpetual alliance. The father refused to receive a sum of money which had been collected.

ELECTRICITY.—The "zigzag" appearance, frequently seen in lightning, is the fore-shortening (by perspective,) of many miles of a straight flash, very slightly diverted from its direct course by intervening negative clouds. "Summer lightning" is the light from the flashes of a thunderstorm too remote for sound to reach our ear.

When clouds (non-electrical) are propelled by the wind through the atmosphere above us, there is a powerful resistence from the particles of air; but as the wind is the most powerful, they must move, and as friction is in all cases the cause of electricity, and the clouds are at first negative, they create and collect it very rapidly. When they are full to overflowing, or "positive," technically speaking, they are compelled to unload or discharge into any imperfectly supplied body within "speaking distance," so to say. If a full cloud discharges into an empty one and does not overload it, the flash ends there; but if the receiving cloud is already partly full it discharges into the next empty one, and so on till an equilibrium is established, upon which the storm is over or spent. A thunderstorm is but Nature's mode of recovering from an attack of unusual activity, say an elemental spree.

Some part of the vast atmosphere in its travels to and fro over the earth, gets a little too hot, it at once rises creating a partial vacum, air from every quarter rushes in to produce an equilibrium, but at such a furious speed as to drag all the clouds with it; these get excited in turn, join together on the road, electrically forms, and Nature does not get down to her bearings again till somebody or something gets hurt. Then according to the power, strength and size of the primary moving cause, we have all the varities of the weather from the gentle zephyr to the one hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane. But electricity is created in proportion, and we mortals always feel its exhilarating and health-giving properties, unless we get an overdose, when we have only another proof that "too much of a good thing is good for nothing."—*S. R. Mason in Germantown Telegraph*

In a letter to the Lancet, Dr. A. Paggi records the following observation: He states that in Paris he saw a case in which, under the inhalation of cloroform, the heart ceased to beat, and artificial respiration for ten minutes failed to restore circulation, when Dr. Labbe dipped a large cloth in boiling water and applied it to the region of the heart, with the result of immediately restoring the action of that organ.